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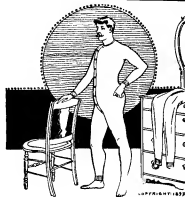
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dressed to the Business Manager.

WHETHER our JOURNAL has been a suc-
cess this session or not it remains with
the student body to say and for us
to find out. We, as a staff, have many
ways of judging the attitude of the subscrib-
ers to our efforts. One method is the manner
in which they respond to our "bills payable"
issuing from the hands of our business manager.
If this be our criterion we have come short of
success. However we are not so pessimistic as to
judge by this alone, for we believe many of our
subscribers have unthinkingly allowed their sub-
scriptions to remain unpaid.

Now it goes without saying that our periodical
cannot be the success it ought to be, so long as our
patrons treat us in that manner. The students
who are subscribers, and a great many are not,
have paid well and promptly, but, our business
manager informs us that the greatest inconvenience
he has to suffer is the treatment received from out-
side subscribers.

These have the JOURNAL sent to them. Some
change places of abode, without any notice to that
effect being sent to the sanctum and still they
growl, because the paper fails to reach them.
Others have allowed their subscriptions to drift into

arrears for one, two and even three years. It is to
the latter class that we specially appeal to com-
municate at once with the business manager,
"acknowledging" the receipt of the JOURNAL, so that
our outside subscription list may be properly
arranged for next session. A little thought, on the
part of these careless ones, will not only cause them-
selves a great deal less trouble, but also lighten
the burdens huddled on the financial managers of
the JOURNAL and thereby do much towards the
success of a worthy cause.

* * *

At a time when many of the students are about
to enter in the active duties of the mission-
field a few reflections on the subject of preach-
ing may not be out of place. The summer when
the prospective minister does his first preaching
is a season fraught with destiny, for then, it is, that
the habits begin to form which are to determine the
character of all his future work.

Preaching may be summarily dealt with under
two heads; it consists in having something to say
and knowing how to say it. The first of these
headings we pass over in silence, most men who go
forth from Queen's, if they have been here in mind
and spirit as well as in body, have something to say
which is well worth hearing. But the very fact that
men feel themselves in possession of thought of the
first quality sometimes has a tendency to make
them neglect the second great essential of good
preaching, namely, the presentation of their thought.
Yet there could be no greater mistake than this.
No matter how good the substance of a discourse,
if it is not presented well, the effectiveness is lost.
Like those in the early church who had the gift of
tongues, the speaker may edify himself, but he does
not edify the church.

We hope that it will not considered too utilitarian
an estimate when we say that the aim of preaching
is effectiveness. With this in view every man should
adopt those methods which he feels best suited to
his own particular case. Certainly the ideal
preacher is one who can both speak without manu-
script and also read a sermon well. The best way
seems to combine both methods in pulpit work.

There are obvious advantages to be obtained from frequently writing discourses, in the way of cultivating style and variety of expression. On the other hand he who writes and reads all his sermons will never gain that freedom in the pulpit, which every preacher should possess. A beginner naturally distrusts himself somewhat and often feels that the safer course for him is to read his sermons. It is a great mistake, however, if he reads exclusively. He should attempt conversational preaching from the very first, for never afterwards will it be as easy for him to begin.

Clear articulation and the proper use of the voice is of the highest importance in public speaking. This sounds like a platitude and such in a way it is. But while theoretically we will admit this truth and even begin to regard it as a commonplace, the most of us have done very little towards carrying the truth into practice. Two or three lessons in elocution may serve to make us conscious of our faults but, to overcome these faults, continual and painstaking effort is required.

Let us remember that preaching is an art and that in it as in all other arts, perfection can be reached only by having the most scrupulous regard for details. Though it may cost us some trouble, it is well worth while to take almost infinite pains with our work.

PROPERTIUS AND TIBULLUS.

The combination of the hexameter and the pentameter is according to Horace the peculiar mode of song, in which the lover, aspiring or despairing, triumphant or disappointed, should set forth his reflexions on his mistress. The melancholy Jaques preferred a woful ballad as a medium for the glorification of the mistress' eyebrow, while Italy has the advantage of being the land of the sonnet which is after all a limited quantity. Elegiac couplets by a skilled hand may be written for ever and ever, as by Ovid, and no thought is so trifling but it may make a neat pair of balancing if bloodless lines. The two poets, who preceded Ovid, did not see the elegiac in its perfection and degradation, and it may be not unprofitable to study in them the elegiac poetry of Rome.

They were contemporaries of the early reign of Augustus, Tibullus born in 54 and Propertius between 48 and 46 B.C. They both lost property in the civil wars, both took to love and poetry, one at least died young. Tibullus died in 18 B.C., and if Propertius did not die shortly after 16 B.C. his Muse did. All good poets went at that time to Rome, and these two severally attached themselves to Messalla Corvinus, a great soldier honorably remembered, and to Maecenas. Augustus was fairly

in the saddle by the time they reached manhood, and thus neither of them had that experience of the world which Horace gained from his republican youth and the active service of his early manhood. But they were not without a glimpse or two of what war meant. In 41 occurred the siege of Perusia in which Propertius' family was involved, and never thereafter did he take kindly to warfare.

But while the stories of their lives are so far similar and their choice in poetry the same, there are great differences between them which must strike the most cursory reader. No one can fail, for example, to remark the interest taken by Tibullus in country scenes, his love of rural life, and his aptness to linger with reverence and affection over pictures of rustic religion and agricultural merry-making. In Propertius we find almost the antipodes of Tibullus. The quiet piety of the village lacks attraction for him, and his interests lean rather towards the learned poetry of Alexandria and the fashionable vice of Rome. Again, while both as lovers are bound to deal much with the little little grave, but preferably not the obscure grave to which their mistresses will bring them ("but these are all lies; men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love"), Propertius delights to talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs out of all reason. Once more, when Propertius shook off Cynthia, without dying of her, and turned to other thoughts, he attempted one or two national themes, though not with the greatest success. Tibullus however confines his patriotism to hoping that his friend Messalla will do great things and congratulating him when they are done. As for Augustus, one would hardly gather that he existed. This detachment is really remarkable.

A word or two as to background. It was an interesting age. The world reveals itself most truly when it is not saying *peccavi*, least truly when it says *peccavisti*. Juvenal's picture of his age does not inspire us with unmixed confidence. But from the letters of Cicero and the poems of Catullus, two of the soundest and truthfulest sources a historian can use, we can very fairly picture the world into which our poets were born. Society was very rotten, but withal had elements of freedom and brilliance still. It had interests yet outside immorality. The *libidinosus et delicatus juvenis* was pretty deep in politics. Clodius found relaxation in the career of a demagogue. Catullus was keenly interested in Cæsar, though he professed not to be, and of the few lampoons which survive to bear witness to republican hatred Catullus' are not the worst. Callius was the friend of Cicero and Catullus. Amid all the hideous iniquity, lust cruelty and rapine, of the dying republican men had still the chance of playing the man, and

this opportunity saved them from themselves. In Ovid we have as faithful a picture of high Roman society half a century later. The alternatives had gone, and in spite of Augustus' attempts *refrenare licentiam* just unalleviated by active civil life reigned naked and self-conscious. Between these two periods came Tibullus and Propertius, early enough to feel the peace and rest which Augustus had really given a weary world without suffering from the evils they involved, but too late to have the advantage of living in a state where men could be active. The savour of life has gone, but we have not quite reached the savour of death, though we are getting near it. Marriage was not so fashionable as divorce. The only women a gifted youth would meet freely in Rome, as in Athens, would have no very elevating influences upon him. Love and passion are perhaps the two greatest forces in human nature whichever way they tend. Dante's love for Beatrice was a mainspring of his life, a purely ideal and heavenward passion whose object became to him the symbol of beauty and wisdom. The love of the cavalier which led him to say,

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more,

would have been unintelligible to the youth of Rome. Their boast is that they utterly surrender every thought of honour and self-respect for love. As little could they have understood the passion of the lovers in Browning's poems whose ambition is each for his lady's good without reference to himself. Catullus of all Romans drawest nearest this and his expression to Lesbia (72:3) *dilexi tum te...pater ut gnatos diligit et generos* (I loved thee then as a father loves his sons and sons-in-law) is a curious and a unique attempt to set forth a disinterested and unselfish passion. Our elegiac poets move on a different plane, to which Catullus himself descended. Their love is purely selfish and of this world. It has no spiritual significance, no moral or quickening influence, no greatness. Perhaps it was hardly to be expected that it should.

Tibullus writes of two women, Delia and Nemesis. Much that he says would be impossible to-day, and yet there is a tenderness which is attractive about his passion, bad as the women were, and as he knew them to be. For instance, setting out with Messalla for the east he fell ill in Corcyra and had to be left. Of course he thought he was going to die, and wrote an epitaph for himself, then deciding to get well and come back and surprise Delia by an unexpected return:

*Tunc mihi, qualis eris, longos turbata capillos,
obvia nudato, Delia, curte pede.*

"Wait not to find thy slippers
But come with thy naked feet"—

only represents a part of it. His subordination of himself is also surprising, *Non ego sum tanti plore et ut illa semel* (I am not worthy she should shed one tear). *At juxta in tota me nihil esse domo* is anything but a common Roman sentiment. Propertius could never have felt a wish to be as nothing in his mistress' house. When Delia proved inconstant, Tibullus forgave her for her mother (*aurea anus et dulcis anus*), and for the mother's sake will ever love the daughter—a strange tenderness for an old woman of such a type. It appears again later for the little sister of Nemesis, who had died in childhood or early girlhood.

Tibullus is always happy in writing of the country and the gods of the country, not as Propertius writes of country scenes as a background for modern lust transferred by a bold anachronism to the golden age of Saturn. The work of the farm and the worship of the ancestral Lares "who watched over me when a tender child I ran about at your feet" have an attraction for him in themselves and for themselves. It is interesting to find at one and the same time three such poets as Virgil, Horace and Tibullus all filled with a genuine love of country life. Perhaps one reason lies in the ineffaceable memories of the terrible death struggles of the republic and the horrors of public life in the city. Another may be sought in the enforced inactivity of the empire.

The picture cannot be pure idyll unhappily, for Tibullus shares with many men of really high character and true worth of that day a stain of sin, which it is painful to meet. He had the faults of his age and of his class. He had no ambitions—he was glad enough to be called *seignis* and *iners*, and perhaps we must not blame him. Ambition had of late set the world on fire and now it was a good citizen's duty to have none of it. Friendship and study replaced it in Tibullus as in his friend Horace. His studies, however, never got the mastery over him, as his books did over Propertius.

His style is delicate, pure and graceful. If he has no great range of imagination nor much intuition, he can feel the kindlier emotions and depict them. His intellectual power may not rank him with Virgil or Horace, but he drew the *rus divinum* as well as Virgil and kept Horace's rule *metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est* as well as its author.

When we turn to Propertius we are in a different air. We are in very truth, face to face with "a moonish youth, effeminate, changeable, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears; tor every passion something and for no passion truly anything." The key to his character is his sensibility—he is the prey of every vagrant emotion, fancy and impression. A hint of feminine beauty, a suggestion

of death, a pretty antithesis, a neat jingle, a quip, a conceit throw him off his balance, and he succumbs to the impulse of the moment. Cynthia (or Hostia, her true name) was a worthless character of some accomplishments, who liked him as he liked her, each on the whole for what was worst in the other—and he knew he was wasting his life upon her, but she appealed to him and for the gratification of the moment he sacrificed his development. Yet when he has a quarrel with her, the language of irritation, has about as much fascination for him, and he embroilers his hate—the hate of sated lust—as neatly as he had his passion. *Mi natura aliquid semper amare dedit*, he says. Nature may have allotted him the necessity of always loving something, but he loved it little and he did not love it long. His attachment to Cynthia lasted five years with intervals, neither wholly faithful to the other, but just so faithful as to prevent both ending or mending the connection. So a man of real aesthetic power wasted himself and his power in enjoyment.

His love for Cynthia was thus not really helpful to him, although he more than once tells us he owes her his genius and his poetry. Whatever she says or does or wears means a poem, he says; and such poems may be too many and drawn too fine, while not a few stray outside those limits of delicacy which Art at once to its own advantage and to oblige Morality has imposed upon its operations. The general effect is therefore unwholesome and not all Propertius' art can save Cynthia from becoming displeasing. Whether he details her charms or dilates on her temper and her rapacity, bewails her coldness or grows inebriate in her complacency, extols her pretty eyes (*ocelli*) and her shapely form or reminds her she will be a bent old woman ere long, we have something too much of this.

In some ways he recalls the young Werther and his sorrows, but with differences, "a moral man was Werther" as Thackeray reminds us and not a poet. Each analyses his sensations and aims at continuing and repeating them, life's fullest satisfaction being a series of thrills of exquisite emotion. The self-centred man is bound to have a limited range, and whether the object of his contemplation be the daily condition of his digestion or his passion, this narrowing of interest is fatal to art and to manhood. We know how Werther

"Sighed and pined and ogled
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out
And no more by it was troubled."

But Propertius did not feel so deeply. Cynthia was no Charlotte, and a passion she inspired she was bound herself to be the cure of. Her form and her eyes lost their charm, and he hates them and her and renounces her altogether.

Such a person could not be a true inspiration to her lover. He was naturally, it seems, a delicate, puny and pale creature, bloodless and feeble, and life with Cynthia would inevitably aggravate every tendency to weakness, physical, moral or intellectual he already had. He was terribly apt to be morbid and to brood on death and corruption. Funerals and epitaphs were precious to him, for the grave lends itself to cheap emotion. Yet Horace can face death without a tremor, can look it in the face, and with unflinching coolness reckon it as a factor in his scheme of life—and never whine. The contrast may best be brought out by a comparison of the various treatment of the same idea by one or two contemporaries.

Catullus tells us of Lesbias' sparrow

Qui nunc it per iter tenebrosissimum

Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam

That includes himself, yet he does not sigh for himself, but for the sparrow. Horace applies it to ourselves:

Omnes una manet nox

Et calcanda SEMEL via leti;

and in *SEMEL* adds a real note of consolation, while in almost the same words Propertius says the same thing and yet introduces an element of nervous petulance:

EST MALA sed cunctis ista terenda via est.

All three agree that the road must be trodden by all, but Propertius alone sobs. It is not tenderness—it is weakness. He could be revoltingly cruel, like all selfish people, and what little blood he had was cold. He can roughly cast off his partner in sin—her future does not concern him, but the universal road comes nearer home and he whines.

Sensibility has its value, too. No one can be a poet who cannot be finely touched. Virgil feels the burden of death as much as Propertius and far more than Horace, and yet how noble is his self-restraint! A mastery of himself and his emotions a poet must have or he is lost. Propertius had it not, and he has to fall back on substitutes. One is literary artifice. Quaintness, variety and a piquant way of putting things may help a man far, and Propertius uses for all they are worth the literary tricks of Alexandria. Niceness and neatness, antithesis and pointed phraseology are his tort. As an example of his more successful ventures may be given:

Ut Macotica nix minio si certet Ibero,

Utque rosae puro lacte natant folia.

The snow and the vermillion stand side by side, and the line begins with the one and ends with the other epithet and both have the charm of literary reminiscence which always attends the proper names of a cultured poet. Rose leaves on white milk are at

least fresh, and in all, though he means no more and says no more than "Snow-white and Rosy-red," what lady would not prefer her complexion to be celebrated with the elaboration of grammatical, geographical and metrical artifice? This is, however, dangerous. Antithesis as an aid has a certain value; as an end in itself it is valueless. Two or three examples will serve to show the of degeneration.

Qui dare multa potest multa et amare potest.

Hujus ero vivus, mortuus hujus ero.

Calve, tua venia, pace, Catulle, tua.

For valuelessness the last line would be hard to match. Cynthia becomes in the end something like the string in barley-sugar, an object round which verses may crystallize, all crystalline and much alike.

Again a poet of wide reading has another resource. Propertius like many fops and fribbles was a great reader. He had the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of Olympus at his finger's ends, and he had ample lessons in the use of it in his favourite poets of Alexandria. The proper name in poetry—in Virgil, Milton and a dozen others—switches the reader off on to old associations (it he have any), and beguiled by these he returns to read on and attribute to the new the witchery borrowed from the old. In moderation as used by a master, this trick is really happy and lawful. In the hands of a botcher or a pedant (and they are the same) it becomes terrible. Propertius deluges us with a flood of such allusions till witchery is replaced by boredom. It is no longer art, it is pure ostentation. Postumus had in Galla a very Penelope—(it was apparently good taste for a Roman to congratulate a friend on his wife's chastity)—the allusion here is graceful and happy.

Postumus alter erit miranda conjuge Uliæ:

Vinct Penelopes Aelia Galla fidem.

A pretty couplet, but—not Propertius', for between the two lines he interposes fourteen, in which he tells after his manner the story of Ulysses' wanderings, which are irrelevant at best, and as here told obscure. The oxen of the Sun are *Lampetis juveni* and he adds a note to explain that Lampetie was the Sun's daughter, who fed them. Calypso is *Asara puella*; and we have some geography of the voyage which is more mystifying still—and all this digression, not merely pointless and centrifugal but fatal to the reader's interest in Galla, for he gets lost in a mythological and geographical tangle.

He is not always so unsuccessful. Now and again he mints a phrase or turns a line of admirable quality. Could the degenerate Roman be more scathingly described than in the line

Nil patrium nisi nomen habet Romanus alumnus?

or Augustan Rome than in this,

Luxuriæ Roma magistra suæ,

(where the sting is in the tail) or this

Ficitilibus crevere deis hæc aurea templa?

Yet even this faculty runs to seed. To speak of Roman walls being grown from the she-wolf's milk (*qualia creverunt moenia lacte tuo*) is pushing things too far. In the poem on the death of Paetus he has some fine pictures of the drowning man,

Cum moribunda niger clauderet ora liquor;

and of his weltering in the deep,

Sed tua nunc volucres astant super ossa marinæ,

Nunc tibi pro tumulo Carpathium omne mare est:

But now the wheeling gulls hang over thee,

For tomb thou hast the whole Carpathian sea:

but he can also write of a friend

Et nova longinguis piscibus esca natas:

Floating a novel meal for foreign fish!

Another weakness is his pitiful ambition. Horace, in his epilogue to three books of odes unequalled except in Greek, claims immortality. Virgil keeps more in the back-ground, and Homer and the author of the Psalms quite forgot to reveal their own names at all. Propertius devotes a great deal of time and thought to his future glory. Umbria shall be known as *his* country—the land of the Roman Callimachus. But I fear even here he is disappointed, for his native town is better known for St. Francis of Assisi than for the erotic poet it was blest enough to produce. Still at least there is elegiac poetry for his monument, which he first wrote in Latin (forgetting Tibullus for the moment) and which will be his eternal achievement. And a great achievement it was for a boy of nineteen or twenty to produce even so spluttering a book as his first—the Cynthia Monobiblos—in a metre Catullus had failed in but which now metrically and musically proved itself as strong and pliant as any yet known to Latin poetry, for the odes of Horace were not yet published and Virgil's hexameter we must set by itself. The medium as developed by Propertius is nervous and forceful—and had he had anything great to say, it might have had a better fate. For here, too, disappointment overtook him or his Manes. Ovid went further and produced something natter, natter and nicer, and ever since elegiacs have been written after the Ovidian model.

The doctrine is sometimes propounded that Art has nothing of necessity to do with Morality—that as fine work may be done by the immoral as by the moral artist—that the moral worth of a poem or a picture is no index to its artistic worth—in other words that a Cynthia may be as good as a Beatrice in nerving, inspiring and uplifting a poet. From the work of such men as Homer, Virgil and Shakespeare the presumption is surely against this, but here we have a test case, and few I suppose will set Dante

below Propertius. Let us set aside, however, the Divine Comedy, and compare the Vita Nuova and the Cynthia Monobiblos, and does the Art of Corruption gain at the expense of the Art of Purity? Was Propertius a stronger or a weaker man for his service of love? Not more in his querulous selfishness and super-sensitiveness than in his showiness, superficiality and want of proportion, can we read that, lacking harmony with the order of the universe and with himself, he failed to attain that harmony in art which is the condition of its truth.

MEDICAL CONVOCATION.

For the first time in the history of Queens, the Medical College has attained sufficient prominence to have a Convocation of its own. The result every one concerned will pronounce a complete success. University Convocations heretofore have represented so many different faculties, and entailed so many aspects of University life that one day was altogether inadequate for the ceremonies to be attended to, and Convocation hall just as inadequate for the accommodation of visitors. The result was a crush, a hurry, and a jumble, unsatisfactory to everybody. According to present arrangements also it is possible for all the medical men to wait to see the honors conferred upon their fellow-students, while in bygone days it taxed the patience of graduates even to wait from the end of March to the beginning of May.

Thursday evening, April 7th, saw Convocation Hall crowded with the friends of the medical men (the fair ones being especially in evidence). The gallery was full to overflowing, and held among other attractions the banjo club, and a gramophone.

The boys opened up from the gallery with the Faculty Song. This was followed by a solo with chorus, "The Czar of Tenderloin."

By this time the faculty had made their way to the platform, followed by occasional shots from the gallery. The first item on the programme after the opening prayer was a gramophone selection from the same quarter. As soon as he had the opportunity given him, the Principal addressed the Chancellor briefly preparatory to his installation for the seventh time. The oath of office was then administered, after which Dr. Connell in a speech, short and to the point, congratulated the Chancellor and ourselves on the progress of the University, and especially of the medical faculty since the time of his first assuming office.

The Chancellor replied as follows:

Members of the University Council, Graduates and Alumni of Queen's:

I have to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for once more choosing me to occupy this exalted position for another term of three years.

Some who are present on this occasion will remember the memorable day when His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise laid the foundation stones of this building. They will also remember another memorable day on the completion of the building in the year 1880, when it was presented as a free gift to the University by the Mayor on behalf of the citizens of Kingston, and when it was first applied to the purposes for which it was so well fitted. This generous act of the city of Kingston marked an epoch in the history of Queen's University. It indelibly denoted a friendly relationship between the people of the city and all connected with the University, which in every succeeding year has been maintained and strengthened. It moreover, for ever localized and centralized an equal cordiality of feeling which existed and continues to exist towards Queen's throughout the province, indeed I may say throughout the Dominion. From the beginning the University, in acknowledgment of the liberality of feeling respecting which there was ample evidence, threw open its doors to all creeds and both sexes on equal terms.

On the day last referred to, when the main building was opened for the purposes for which it has ever since been made, it was my happiness to receive from you my first appointment as Chancellor. I had for some years previously been connected with the Board of Trustees, but it was from the moment of my first installation, eighteen years ago, that I became more intimately associated with the life and work of this seat of learning.

The installation of to-day is the seventh of which I have been the recipient, and however familiar I may have become with the ceremonial, I must own that if I had grave misgivings as to my fitness for the position when I entered upon the duties of Chancellor eighteen years ago, my doubts still remain, indeed they seem to increase at each triennial period when I attempt to express my acknowledgment of the great honour which has so frequently been conferred upon me. I can only ask you in simple words as sincere as they are brief, to accept my respectful thanks for so long retaining me in the highest office in your gift.

In the future, as in the past, I must continue to rely on your sympathetic assistance in my imperfect efforts to serve the University, and I ask you once more to grant me your kind indulgence and overlook all my shortcomings in the performance of my duties.

Owing to the great development of the work of the University and the increased numbers of graduates, difficulties have been experienced in previous years in transacting all the business at the annual

statutory convocation. For this and for other reasons this special convocation has been convened. It will generally be confined to the transaction of business connected with the Medical Faculty.

The Medical Faculty was formed in 1892. In April of that year the Royal College of Surgeons united with Queen's University so as to become an integral part of it. This Faculty has proved an unqualified success. Every year since its formation improvements have been introduced in the arrangements, and additional advantageous features for study are now contemplated. There is no diminution in the number of students—on the contrary there are additions, notwithstanding the higher fees charged, the expense of laboratories, increased hospital fees and the increased length of attendance, as well as the great efforts which have been made by the medical schools of Toronto and Montreal to centralize medical study in these cities.

The increase in the number of medical students is such as to demand further accommodation and one of the first additions required will be the erection of a new building for anatomical purposes.

If the Medical Faculty on its present basis has materially advanced and gained strength, it is with profound sorrow and regret that I am called upon to allude to very great losses which it has sustained. Within the last five years no less than five professors have been removed by death. The loss of each as it occurred, I need scarcely say, cast a deep gloom over all connected with the University. We greatly mourn the death of such as these taken away from a field of activity and usefulness in the prime of life and mental vigour. On this occasion it becomes my sad duty to pay tribute to their memory and allude in these few words to the loss suffered by the Medical Faculty in particular, and by the whole University.

If the Medical Faculty needs additional accommodation I may take this opportunity of mentioning that the same demand is felt by all the faculties; and how can it be otherwise when we consider the wonderful development and growth which has resulted in recent years?

If we examine the annals of the University it will be found that during the past eighteen years the students have greatly increased in numbers. Taking the Faculty of Arts, which is the central faculty of all Universities, both graduates and under-graduates have more than quadrupled since I first occupied this chair. It is easy to be seen therefore, that while we had ample space for our purposes when we entered the new building in 1880, it is no longer adequate for our needs. The splendid progress and expansion which I have referred to has

so crowded the class-rooms that we have actually reached the limit of accommodation in each of the four faculties, and if we contemplate an attendance in the future at all approaching the ratio of increase in the past, we must recognise the imperative necessity of additional space for the work to be performed. In the steady and gratifying progress year by year we may congratulate the University, and at the same time congratulate the country on the benefits conferred by this seat of higher education. May we not hope that some means may be found for supplying the much-needed accommodation so that our power for good may not be unduly restricted?

It is with no little satisfaction that I claim for this seat of learning a prominent position in the higher education of women. Here medicine was first taught them, and although other Canadian Universities have followed our example in opening medical classes for women, the first woman graduate in medicine received her degree from Queen's. In Arts, too, we have taken a leading part. Though our doors had never been closed to women, and they had attended classes, it was not till 1880 that women presented themselves for matriculation. In 1884 the first women graduated in this Province in Arts received their degrees from the University.

The very last person laureated in this hall was her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, on whom was conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. In what better manner could any University commemorate the Queen's Jubilee than by taking the initiative in a matter which so fully recognizes the claims of women. Who more worthy of the academic distinction than the greatly esteemed consort of Her Majesty's representative in the Dominion?

I have endeavoured to express the difficulty I experienced in thanking you for extending the period I have already so long had, the high privilege of presiding over this University. But what can I say with respect to the compliment added in the form of the portrait which has been executed? This act touches me deeply and I am painfully impressed by my inability to discharge the debt I now owe you. I will frankly confess that it is impossible for me to express my feelings as I would desire in respect to this additional evidence of your good will.

Standing before you to-day at the opening of another Convocation I feel that this is indeed an occasion which no man rightly constituted could regard with indifference, and I can only say that I appreciate most profoundly this crowning and graceful act of your kind thoughtfulness. I must, however, remove from my mind all personal consideration and view the gift from an official standpoint. As the head of the University, therefore, I accept the work of art as a memorial of one who for a long

portion of his life has filled the highest office, and I ask the custodian of the other memorials we possess, to take this portrait under his charge. If a place be found for it on the walls, it will become associated with a hall made sacred to the memory of the fathers and friends and noble benefactors of Queen's University, a hall in which great truths and words of wisdom are often spoken by learned professors—a hall in which thousands of the youth of Canada in the ages to come will complete their academic career and go forth to benefit their race and country. If it be placed with other portraits which I see around me, perhaps I may indulge the thought that long after I cease to occupy the chair, my prototype on canvass may silently witness the ebb and flow of successive generations of students. Even when all who hear me have changed, the portrait may still remain a seering spectator, rejoicing in the Universities prosperity and perennial youth; year by year beholding other Chancellors placing the laurel wreath on yet unborn graduates, who in their turn will win triumphs and reflect fame on their Alma Mater.

This was followed by "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and "The Old Ontario Strand," from the men at the other end of the house. Presentation of medals and conferring of degrees then followed.

MEDALISTS.

H. H. Elliott, Frankville; C. C. Armstrong, Kingston.

LIST OF GRADUATES.

N. W. Anderson, Kingston; C. C. Armstrong, Kingston; C. H. Burger, Kingston, Jamaica; W. F. Calfas, Kingston; G. W. Collison, Brinston's Corners; W. N. Condell, Vetrnor; D. J. Corrigan, Kingston; N. A. Davis, Fallowfield; H. H. Elliott, Frankville; W. S. Fadden, Brockville; J. E. Gage, Riverside, Cal.; R. Hanley, Kingston; A. E. Ilett, B.A., Kingston; W. H. Hills, Acadia Mines, N.S.; W. A. Jacquith, Sydenham; E. J. Lake, Kingston; H. V. Malone, B.A., Kingston; J. F. Mather, Plainfield; W. Moffatt, M.A., Carleton Place; C. A. Morrison, Kingston; C. J. McCambridge, Kingston; C. E. O'Connor; Kingston; N. J. Pike, Sebawaing, Mich.; R. C. Redmond, B.A., Landsdowne; J. F. Scribner, Kingston; Rev. A. Grassett Smith, Deseronto; A. E. Stewart, Kingston; A. L. Tinkess, Greenbush; H. M. Waldren, Guelph; Ward Young, B.A., Odessa; J. O'Hara, Camden East; F. Burkett, Ottawa; J. Doyle, Belleville.

After some intervening songs and musical selections, W. Moffatt, M.A., gave the valedictory address which both from its contents, and the manly tone of its delivery, commanded the most careful attention.

THE VALEDICTORY.

Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Many Valedictorians have gone before me, and in the natural course of events many more will follow, but neither past nor future contains a more loyal band of graduates than the class of '98.

Now that we have reached the goal for which we have striven patiently and hopefully, and have been honored by the Alma Mater which we love to call our own, we can pause, and looking back analyse the things which have inspired us with love, veneration and enthusiasm. We are told that these feelings should exist in the minds of any going forth from an institution which has conferred its degrees upon the individuals of that class and yet we are assured by graduates of other Universities that the love of Queen's students for their Alma Mater is unique. This is largely owing to the fact that we have been treated as individuals rather than as a class by our professors and there was a personal interest taken in our welfare which had a tendency to increase the affection of those who had not expected it. Be that as it may in the years we have dwelt within these walls there has grown up a love so sincere, so deep, for good old Queen's that no matter where the chances of life may lead us, no track of time or distance can blot out from our minds the memory of happy days spent here.

Our course has been most satisfactory to us all. Our advantage in the primary subjects have been equally good and in many respects superior to that given in the best Canadian Universities. Although our Hospital opportunities have not been as many as students in larger cities may have had, yet we know that it has been amply sufficient to give us an intelligent working basis and after all if we begin our life work impressed with this fact I consider our heritage a much safer one, than if we went out feeling that our experience was almost complete. Our experience has been materially increased owing to the characteristic kindness of the official staff at Rockwood Asylum who have allowed us the opportunity of studying the physical derangements as well as the mental conditions of some 600 inmates of that institution, and for the valuable assistance thus afforded our College I am sure the Professors and students feel very grateful.

More particularly during the past few years have we been inspired with a love for microscopical work and in contrast with the days of yore when Doctors of Physic went forth grounded in a knowledge of Astronomy, and possibly armed with a telescope, the modern man goes fortified by the knowledge of Bacteria and armed with a microscope. Whether stimulated by the love for scientific investigation or

by the laudable desire to take advantage of the powers that be, some of our ambitious predecessors have left your halls armed with microscopes.

All honor to those who have made Queen's what it is in spite of difficulties which would have daunted men of average pluck. If your fight has been an uphill one you have your reward in the consciousness that you were fighting for the right and were getting close to an ideal firmly planted on the highest plane. Our love for Alma Mater is a subject difficult to exhaust but all understand how deeply we feel it, how proud we are of it, how we glory in it, even to the extent of learning by heart the complicated Gaelic slogan and not only learning it, but also yelling it to the top of our voices when occasion requires—and sometimes when it does not.

We have now reached what at one time seemed the goal of our ambition, that is graduation, and now it seems as if the foot of our rainbow is nearly as far off as ever, but thanks to our teaching there is still a rainbow ahead of us, apparently stretching from the Klondyke to the distant East. To some it may appear that to find the mythical pot of gold at the rainbow's foot is the greatest thing to be desired, but to most of us this must ever be but a part of life's scheme, not the real inspiration, not the true teaching of our Alma Mater.

Now that we stand trembling at the commencement of the calling we have chosen for our own, we feel the responsibility thrown upon us, and as we step forth from the ranks of the critics, as has recently been stated, to join those of the criticised, we do not underrate the change in situation. We shall do our best to suit the requirements of the occasion, and while remembering that the graduates of Queen's who have gone before us, have added lustre to her name, shall not forget that we too have a duty imposed on us, other than that of adding to our worldly possessions.

I look over the names of my class-mates and note how few have decided to remain in Canada, as evidenced by the fact that the Council examinations have been omitted by the majority. I cannot help a feeling of sorrow, that so many of my Canadian companions should have decided to say farewell to the land of their birth. While it is true that we are a small country as far as population is concerned we are an empire in resources, in land, and a mighty power in future. Why not stay and help hasten the destiny so certain to be ours. What we need is men. Is it true that our profession is more crowded in Canada than elsewhere? No, it is not, and while it is true that science is cosmopolitan in its demands a young country has claims of its own on the best of its inhabitants. You may think that chances of advancement are not as great here

as elsewhere, but is this true, and even if it has an element of truth does not the love of country demand the modicum of self-sacrifice. These are stirring days in the history of our country and never before have we had such urgent need of Canadians who would endure great trials for the glory of the generations as yet unknown. Empty sentiment some may call it and yet it is the sentiment which has been the foundation of the British Empire.

A tinge of sadness is mine when I think that to-day means the breaking of ties which have been pleasant to all of us. To say farewell to the kindly hearts which have gently guided and instructed us for years is no easy matter, even to the most callous mind in our class. Now we feel as never before how much we owe to those who have overlooked our faults and have been blind to our thoughtlessness. If there is one day in a student's life when he feels remorse for the faults and failings of the past, it is on the day of graduation, and if his gratitude to those who have dealt gently with his frailties could be expressed in words, it would take more eloquent form than any pen of mine can suggest. College life has its attractions and yet even this would pall on the most enthusiastic if it were the only thing to fill the student's days. Lectures, grinds, clinics and convocations are all very well, but times were when even these have failed to tickle the most ardent and devoted students.

Students who come to Queen's have reason to be grateful to the citizens of Kingston, who never fail to remember that boys away from home can appreciate to its full extent the opportunity to enjoy the attractions of social life. Kingston has even done its duty—often more than its duty to the students of Queen's, and I should be remiss indeed if I were to neglect to thank the citizens on behalf of the class of '98 for their invaluable kindness to us. They have been loyal to us in every way, even on the gory football field, and we have been made to feel that when we entered Queen's we were as fully accepted as if we had been of the best blood and sinew of the Limestone City itself. What this means to a student only those who have reached the day of graduation can tell. Not only does it offer escape from the thousand and one temptations that beset every boy, cut loose from the ties of home at an age when temptation is hardest to resist, but in many instances it has given those whose point of view has been contracted, an opportunity of acquiring culture and development in directions quite new and of the greatest value. It seems as if one of the greatest dangers hanging over the heads of the vast majority of students is that of narrowness, and anything which tends to make the well-rounded man is of importance. We have not been ungrate-

ful and shall never forget the kindness of the good people of Kingston.

The future is before us, we go forth inspired, and determined to win our place on the ladder of fame, and to my comrades I would say,

"On bravely through the sunshine and the showers;
Time has its work to do, and we have ours."

* * * * *

Though there were other events to follow, the boys now began to give evidence that the important part of the evening for them was over.

Dr. Purdy, of Chicago, a graduate of many years ago, who has distinguished himself of late, was the recipient of the highest titular honor the University can confer, that of LL.D.

The parting advice to the graduates was given by Dr. Moore, of Brockville. From a back seat in the gallery we were unable to hear all the good things the graduates were advised to do and not to do. The trend of his remarks, however, was to emphasize the necessity of continued earnest study and research, careful reading, careful diagnosis, and a manly dignity in the exercise of their profession.

To this the Principal gave a fitting conclusion, emphasizing in a few words the primary necessity of their being thorough Christian gentlemen.

TAMMANY'S REFLECTIONS.

The session is drawing to a close.

There is now a bond uniting Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors; a common thought—exams. We cannot help but notice the peculiar stillness which irresistibly creeps into the halls as the "Ides of April" draw near. Everyone is thinking now. An outsider coming among us at this dread season, could not help but notice the same strangeness of expression which manifests itself on every brow—an indefinable serious manifestation of an inward mingling of hope and fear. And yet withal there is a tremendous exhibition of raw-boned tenacity, a firm, inaudible declaration to do or die. All this is merely nature's wonted way of telling us that the sullen greyness of the approaching storm has wrapt itself around and above us, leaving no road for any outside element to creep in, save the faintly penetrating sunshine streaks of hopefulness, and the chilling dampness of dreadful fear. And thus are we all bound together in a common bond of brotherhood—with common hopes; with common fears;—tighter than we were ever bound before. A common thought makes all college men one.

But there is one man the uniqueness of whose position compels him to momentarily stand aside and think alone. With him too exams are a terrible consideration, but on his brow may be clearly traced

the deep grave thoughts of care—more firmly and sadly engraven than the temporary vindications on the foreheads of other men. He stands alone, the potent grave and reverend senior. And why? He is now in the position from which he must look upon the past and the future as he never viewed them before. The past, especially his College career, is as a tale that is told; his future is—God knows what. The clearness with which he can trace, point by point, the ups and downs of the last four years, is overshadowed with the overwhelming consciousness of indecision, perplexity, and vagueness of the eternal beyond. He has spent four of the happiest years of his existence in the healthy academic air of a seat of learning, but soon he must direct his wayward steps in paths unknown, and perhaps untrodden, he knows not where. Thus, this is a critical period in his existence for he knows not where the tide of prosperity—or adversity may drift him—on what future or barren shore his barque may haply drift.

However—uncomfortable as the dread consciousness of loneliness and uncertainty may be—there is solace in the past. College life has meant much to him. He has had many golden nuggets cast into his lap; he has grasped many precious moments by which he has been enabled to at length call himself a man. But over and above them all there is one moment—or at least a day—which he must look back with strange yet grateful feelings of thankfulness. There is a day which did much to make of him the living monument of manhood that he now is. There is a day in his career to which he must bow down in humble recognition and submission for there was a day in his Sophomore year, when, with Herculean strength and the courage of a David, he made a bold, tremendous step for liberty (?); a day when even he had been taught by sore defeat, the severe, stern lesson of experience, that nature must have her course. However—like everyone else the Senior is not free from mistakes, but, I think that the present senior year—'98—may claim honorable distinction for the noble manner in which she has acquitted herself, and has every reason to be proud of the record which she has left behind her. She has done well, and while many of us will think of '98 and her

"Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago."

we must truthfully admit that even she has been one of the best, most prosperous and praise-deserving classes that ever entered College halls; even we—members of '99, her old-time adversary—must speak the throbbings of our hearts—

"With all her faults I love her still,"

But now fair Senior you are about to step out upon the stages of publicity and play your little part in life's endless drama; while we must still drag out a weary dust-besmeared existence, among the grave-stones of divinity. As you kneel before his Knighthood for your laurels and repeat your text, "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand; I have finished my course" may we be permitted to waft our message of God-speed upon the aristocratic waves of Convocation's choking air. May even we express the hope that

"Some future day, when what is now is not,
"When all our faults and follies are forgot
"And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away
"We'll meet again upon some future day."

"Farewell, farewell, yet once again farewell."

—TAMMANY.

SOME TYPES OF MEN WHO WILL BE PREACHERS.

H— has above all things dignity of character. On first acquaintance you will be impressed by his manly strength, and you find on knowing him better that this is not something external, due merely to physical stature or the tone of the man, it is himself. Whether you see him in the class-room, on the football field, in his study or in the pulpit, that strong confident manhood is never wanting. He could not do a mean act, he could not be trivial, small or untrue; he would not be himself, the dignity of his character could not stoop so low. We have large hopes for H—. He will be a strong man in whatever community he may reside. He will be a leader of men, he cannot be otherwise, that is his function; he is not of the kind who require and can submit to the leadership of others. He can stand alone.

T— is perhaps more worthy the title of genius than any other in the halls. His character is most distinctively his own. To sum it up in a sentence, he has learned how to receive and how to give. He makes so little pretension, takes such a quiet part in College life, that you are surprised at the close of your first conversation with him. Though ordinary conversations amount to nothing, you find that when with him you are always talking of something worth spending the time on, and that you come away with some fresh ideas. It may be something he has drawn out of yourself, for this man has the Socratic faculty of being the instigator rather than the giver of ideas. When you know the man better you find he is as good at receiving as at giving. Talk over a lecture, a sermon, an opera or a musicale, and you find that while you perhaps have received passively and forgotten with ease what you did not assimilate, he has been active in listening and has turned over

all the thoughts presented in his own mind. Some he may accept, some not, but you are convinced of this at least by the conversation, that it is not how much a man hears, but how he hears that is the important point. And this man has learned how to hear.

He is almost Emersonian too in his optimism. He can find some good in every man and it is said that in some backwoods places where he has spent his summers, many a man heretofore scorned by the pious, has been encouraged to make a fresh start and develop the little good that is in him. If this man is not great in the world it will not be because he lacks the elements of true greatness, but because he has not the self-assertiveness that comes to the surface.

A— is a favorite principally because of his fresh bright wholesome disposition. His characteristic note is genial humour. No one will ever have the blues while he is around. He is a fellow who will take well with men everywhere, and especially young men who have still some love of life and joy and fun. There is that abundant vitality about this man that will discourage long-faced piety and make people feel it is a joyous, happy life to be a Christian minister or a Christian man. It is good to have some one at hand who can always see the bright side of life and we predict for A— the love of many hearts that he will cheer and brighten.

In Q— we find a character strong in its sympathy. Not powerful in self-assertion or in forcefulness, not the man fitted to be a ruler or leader in the world's view, this man yet leads all in that distinctively Christian virtue, sympathy. Kind, tender-hearted, and gentle as a woman, a man not apt to receive high honor in College life or in the public life of society, but in the quiet places where there is sorrow, failure or loss of any kind to sadden the heart, this is the man who would come nearest to us. His gentleness will he admitted to recesses of our inward life that the strong, powerful character may not enter. This man also will do a noble work, cultivating in others the finer virtues that grace his own character, charity, tenderness, sympathy.

V— is a type by himself, and of somewhat uncertain quality. We do not wish to predict too freely in his case. Much depends on how the religious world interprets his character. If they have the generous liberality of students in judging, all will be well. This man loves his pipe much better than some men love their wives. He has the characteristic virtues of a smoker too: he can sit and yarn for hours at a stretch, heedless of the lateness of the hour or of its loss. He is willing to make a fool of himself too for the amusement of others, and does all things in a way that seldom suggests the rever-

end seriousness of a clergyman. He may, however, be only Prince Hal at present who will don the robes of kingly dignity when the responsibility of a pastor rests upon his shoulders. The man is not lacking in good qualities either. The narrow-minded may look askance, but we have heard that he can preach in a way to convince his hearers; and we know, moreover, that he is not slow when occasion offers to deny himself to help some other fellow out of a tight place. There is a class of men he will reach over whom others exercise little influence. Who knows but he may be the means of giving a hand to the fellows who most need help?

OMAR KKEYELL.

What saith the bard—"Philosopher and Guide?"

This too is vanity. Myself I tried

Philosophers—a pair, read Tolstoi through,
Skimmed Hegel and I know not what beside.

Some there be tell us "Nature's script unroll
Round the dead ancients clings corruptions stole.
She lives and teaches." Her I conned and found
A little dust, some vapours and no soul.

Another cries "In order move the stars,
To rule submissive rieth Jove—and Mars"
What aids Heaven's concord, when th' astronomer
Himself is discord, and his own life jars?

"Fools count the years that make millenium;
Two hath Rome seen and now a third doth come;
And how shalt thou see what Rome never saw
Poor singer of a vain chrysanthemum?

"Thus Plato taught, thus said Aeschylus
Bettering Hesiod who reasoned thus
While Homer sings to us of Troy, but what
Are we to Hecuba or she to us?

Much have I travelled in the realms of thought,
Much at the Latin and the Greek have wrought,
But was I profited at all in naught?
Naught I began, and with naught and naught;

—'oo.

Excerpt from *The New World* for March, page 198:—A reproach has been removed from the Neo-Hegelian movement of our generation by Professor S. W. Dyde, of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. That Hegels *Philosophie des Rechts* should have been left so long untranslated has not been creditable to English ethics. Professor Dyde's version has high claims to respect for its faithfulness and smoothness. Hegels *Philosophy of Right* may now be studied in excellent English by all those who who would know this masterpiece of ethical thought. (London, George Bell & Sons; New York, The Macmillan Company.)

RULES FOR A PROPER OBSERVANCE OF CONVOCATION.

1. After the doors are opened the students shall immediately invade the gallery after the style of cultured Zulus and yelling in an orderly manner; the freshmen shall occupy the front seats, the sophomores and canes the next, while the juniors, divinites and graduates shall stand on the back seats or remain outside.

2. Before the proceedings open, and as often as possible thereafter, the students shall spend the time playing musical selections on tin horns, shouting and singing new songs, such as "Susan Brown," "There's no hair on the top of his head," "Litoria" and "Old Ontario's Strand," for the entertainment and edification of the audience.

3. While the professors and other gentlemen of convocation are filing in headed by the chancellor, the students shall sing "See the mighty host advancing, etc.," or if this has ever been sung before, the Dead March in Saul shall be whistled instead.

4. The aforesaid gentlemen having taken their seats the crier of the court will recite in a loud voice the harrangue usually delivered at the opening of the concursus. This, it will be noticed, will have a marked effect upon the audience, which shall regard it as a sign of great originality on the part of the afore mentioned official.

5. Upon the Registrar first rising to his feet the freshmen shall say in solemn tones "Next Lord's day." There is something refreshingly novel and striking in this remark and it will cause general admiration.

6. When the decree of the senate is read, that part of it which says, "And hereby do confer," shall be repeated in chorus by all the students in an impressive manner, and with emphasis on the "do."

7. As the laureating process is going on the students shall display their wit and originality in such sayings as the following: "Quite a concussion!" "What feet!" "On his knees at last!" "Well lassoeed, professor!" together with divers remarks concerning any visible moustaches and sideboards possessed by the members of the graduating class. This will be an agreeable departure from the remarks usually indulged in at previous convocations and will be devoid of any chestnutty taint.

8. Any lady graduate shall, upon her arrival on the platform, be greeted with a chorus of smacks and other audible evidences of good will and brotherly affection.

9. When the proceedings terminate the students shall line up in the hall and select from the outgoing audience their various young lady friends whom they shall escort home. If any dispute arises as to precedence the janitor shall act as arbitrator.

A QUEEN'S PROFESSOR IN TORONTO.

From "Toronto Saturday Night."

Last week Toronto was visited by a mind that jostled somewhat against local minds and pleased or offended them, but, in either event, commanded their attention and made an impression. This visiting intellect came from Kingston in the person of Prof. Shortt of Queen's University, who, on the invitation of the President of the Canadian Club, Mr. John A. Cooper, visited Toronto to read a paper on Friday evening last in St. George's Hall, and remained to give an address at the dinner on Saturday evening at Webb's, of the Queen's University Association. Prof. Shortt is a Canadian, about six feet in height, well built, with a high rounded forehead, bald-head and an earnest face. He attempts no rhetoric and makes little use of notes. He speaks straightforwardly and clearly and is very simple, convincing and logical. He is the kind of a man who accepts no text-books, but goes after original documents, and to whom truth is not truth until he has tested it. He belongs to a class that is not yet extinct, although in every occupation and walk of life the rewards of thoroughness are dwindling and smartness wins the laurels that should go to solid worth.

This young man said some things that his hearers dare not forget. On Friday night he said that over one hundred and fifty years ago, during the French regime, Canada was always referred to as "a country of great undeveloped resources, and it is referred to in the same way to this day." That is a home-trust. It is certainly about time, that this country should be conspicuous for something better than its lack of development. "The greatest undeveloped resource of Canada, is the Canadian," said Prof. Shortt. Is the Canadian not raw material? Is it not time that he is (or has been) a sort of crude product, like the very nickel matte or saw-logs, of which we have so much ready, on the one hand to be shipped to the neighboring Republic for development, or to be sent across seas to carry a pike in the wars of the northern world? Canadians have been exported in great numbers for one of these uses, and have occupied their minds very largely with expectations of the other.

Colonies were originally regarded as absolute possessions, to be enjoyed solely by the powers that owned them. All other nations being excluded from their trade. Prof. Shortt pointed this out on Saturday evening and added, "Piracy and war were the only ways in which nations could then get at the treasures of each other." Here we have much in a nutshell. War no longer serves, but defeats, the purpose of the nations in aiming each, at the enjoyment of what the other possesses.

He pointed out that warships can no longer keep the sea for years, but must hug the coaling stations. Great Britain's free ports became coaling stations for the world, and she showed supreme wisdom in selling coal freely to foreigners, even to possible enemies, for thereby they scarcely discovered their dependence on her. Spain and the United States could not get within arms length of each other for lack of coal. The nations of to-day are bound together by ties of trade. Financial interests form a network of the strongest kind, and he would rather have such relations as a preventive of war,

than a thousand treaties of peace and amity, or arbitration, which after all were only paper. Modern nations cannot go to war without an immense borrowing of money, and the men they would go to for the money were not the country editors and the politicians, who were raising the racket for war.

Prof. Shortt said that he would venture on prophecy and say, that the Russians are the coming nation of the future, in ever so many senses. They have great undeveloped strength. Britain is already investing in the mills of old Russia, and is really bound to gain from the expansion of Russian trade. It was not Britain's interest to dam Russia up, but to induce her to put feelers out and give hostages to the rest of the world. Britain would like to see Russia with her hands full, and her hands would be full when she had the Chinaman to deal with.

The visit of Prof. Shortt is important. It suggests the idea that possibly there are in our universities other men whose minds are alive, with opinions on the affairs of the work-a-day world, but who seldom address public gatherings. In fact there is room for a horrible fear that the wrong men get interested while the right men pass unknown along the streets and speak, unreported, to students who give them too little heed, while the great blundering, passionate, misinformed masses are beyond earshot. We have men in the Toronto University and in affiliated and other institutions, who possess right judgment and a large classified mass of knowledge, yet in how far do they influence the intellectual life of Toronto? These are not the men who have the public ear. They do not seek to be heard. They are not induced to speak. Even if we do not agree with the deductions that a learned student may draw from his accumulated facts, we can not fail to acknowledge that the public would be benefited by contact with him.

The *British Medical Journal*, the organ of the British Medical Association, begins a careful and appreciative review of Dr. Garrett's recently published volume as follows: "Dr. Garrett teaches his subject well, and if general medicine be taught as satisfactorily in Canada the public in the Dominion are fortunate." The *Journal* congratulates Dr. Garrett on having broken ground so successfully. ("Text-book of Medical and Surgical Gynecology for the use of Students and Practitioners," by Dr. Garrett.)

PERSONALS.

We are pleased to hear that "Boh" Hunter is coming around all right after a severe attack of pneumonia. He has gone home to recuperate before entering upon his charge at Baltimore and Cold Springs. We hope that he will be well enough to endure the ordeal of induction, which is set for the 19th of this month.

It is a matter of regret to every one in the University that W. R. Tandy has been seriously ill for some weeks past. This is especially to be regretted on his own account, as he will be unable to write on his examinations this spring. We trust that the beginning of another session will find him again in our midst prepared for a good year's work.

B. H—m walks up to a house on University Ave. and rings the bell.

"Is Mr. B-l-f-r in."

Miss —: "Yes."

B. H:—"Tell him to come right home. Hawley is going to the hospital and wants his boots."

J. W-l-l-ce—Punctured single-tube tire:—"Say, M-r-l how do you mend this?"

M-r-l:—"Get a plug and put in large end first."

W-l-l-ce:—"Oh, I see you put it on from the inside."

A general laugh follows, but W-l-l-ce does not see the joke.

T. W. G-d-w-l-l, on departure for the west, leaving a message with D. M. S-l-d-t.

"There are several dozen girls, D.M., I would like you to console,
And tell each dear one for me that she treacherously stole
My poor confiding heart, D.M., and then look glad and say,

'But he has got something instead, darling, he has received his B.A.

H-g-r, wildly gesticulating—"Shall I say, Sir, that Miss M's rendition was perfect? Yes! I shall say that Miss M's rendition was perfect." As is usual with the class H-g-r was loudly encored.

W. W. McL-r-n to M-r-l—"I hope there will be no war between the U.S. and Spain at least for a couple of weeks."

M-r-l—"Why?"

McL-r—"Just because."

M-r-l—"Oh, I see! Your *cousin* is visiting in New York.

Walter smiles.

Senior to freshman—"Why is 'Sain' Fee like a lady?"

Freshman—"Don't know, give it up."

Senior—"Because he is a *fee-male*."

Freshman soliloquizing after lecture in junior English:

"There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone."

Jas. Wallace will assist the Rev. D. J. MacLean of Arnprior, during the summer.

Geo. Edmison, '98, has been appointed by the Home Mission Committee to take charge of the work at St. Joseph's Island for the summer.

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